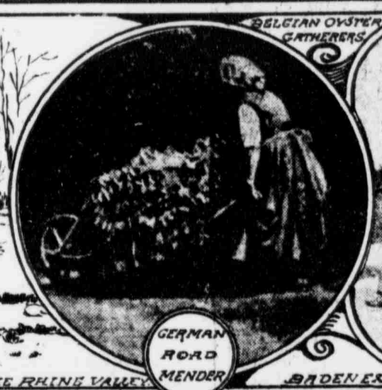
Burden of the Women of Europe

Poorly Paid for Laborious Work Which Is Done by Men in America

OYSTER GIRL OF CANCALE.

FRENCH FISHER GIRL.

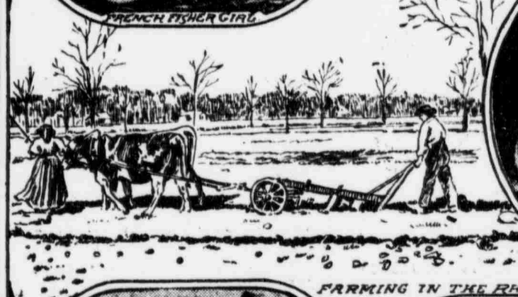
GERMAN FAGGOT CARRIER. ISTRIAN COAL CARRIER. ITALIAN EXPRESS WOMAN.



BELGIAN OYSTER GATHERERS.

GERMAN ROAD MENDER.

BADEN EXPRESS WOMAN.

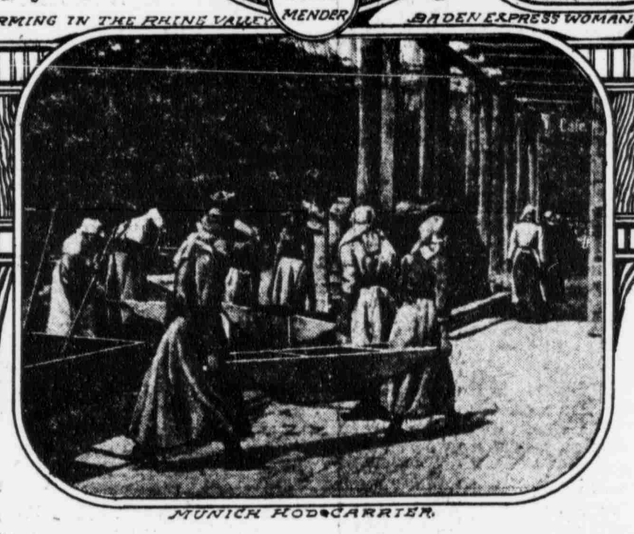


FARMING IN THE RHINE VALLEY.

ITALIAN DELIVERY WAGON.

FRENCH MILK PEDDLER

TROUSERS IN THE TYROL.



MUNICH MOD-CARRIER.

FRENCH WATER CARRIER.

The American woman, whether working for a living or merely taking a philanthropic interest in the betterment of her sex, might find consolation, if there be feminine solace in comparisons, by contrasting the condition of the working women here with that of her sisters in Europe.

Women's work has long been fruitful of discussion in Germany and France, and now it has become a Continental question and has produced a deluge of pamphlets in many tongues. None of this army of reformers, however, has gone so far as to advocate woman's abandonment of the field of labor; they are merely in favor of reforming her hours and methods.

In all European countries woman is engaged in the most laborious occupations. She is the general farm hand all over the Continent, she plants the seeds and gathers the crop, and in parts of Germany she is both plough horse and cart horse. She pushes a broom and a wheelbarrow as a street cleaner in Berlin and Munich and in the latter city adds to these duties that of track sweeper and switchman for the street railways. She serves as a railway crossing guard and is frequently a section hand or station porter working in competition with men.

She breaks stones for highways in southern Europe, takes her turn at pushing heavily laden canal boats in Holland. She works in the mines of Belgium digging coal and ore and loading them upon cars and in Bavaria she is stone crusher and hod carrier.

If she has any leisure between times, somebody manages to find her something to do. In fact, the European woman is so busy that she has scarcely opportunity for advanced ideas and that seems to be the reason that now man has risen to reform her work.

That her long hours of toil and the insufficient nourishment that her poor pay furnishes rob her of the charm and graces of womanhood and induce great physical suffering is admitted. But the most deplorable fact of all to the military statesman is that such conditions mean a lack of good fighting men to fill the ranks of the standing armies—a much weightier matter than the mere sympathetic fact that she is a beast of burden

The original European express appears to have been a woman. She began the carrying business as soon as her head and neck were strong enough to bear the burden that was imposed and she has had a steady job ever since. In this country capitalistic corporations have monopolized the field.

The Breton girl for instance doesn't drive around in a wagon beautifully lettered and adorned with rural views to deliver milk. She takes one of the great cans on her head and goes from door to door, keeps tally of her sales on a notched stick and then goes back home to do a day's work.

The water carrier's burden is limited only by the weight of the filled brass or earthen jar on her head. If she has a good many customers she takes the jar off her head, gets another one like it and peddles twice as much from a yoke over her shoulders.

The Istrian peasant woman gathers all the fruit and vegetation that her place along the shores of the Adriatic can produce and starts with it for the Trieste market. She carries it on her head if she is poor; but if she is very wealthy she has a donkey of a size to be almost entirely concealed by her marketing, and her helper trudges along behind with baskets in which to make the display in the city.

When the sales have all been made the helper piles all the baskets, twenty or thirty of them perhaps, on her head and goes down to the wharves where vessels are unloading and loading to look for employment. She gets work carrying coal or something else easy that keeps her busy until sundown. Then she loads up her pile of baskets and walks five or six miles out into the country.

The Italian woman has in many parts of the country let her basket slip down on her back. An old gray haired burden bearer climbing along the narrow lanes of the vineyard country around Lake Maggiore said that she was glad to stop a minute to pose for her photograph if she didn't have to take off the basket under which she was bending.

She might not get it back on securely again, she explained, for it was so heavy. She had all the shopping for a whole neighborhood in that precious bundle.

"A lire for posing just that short time," she said, with a semblance of a smile on her tired old face. "Why, I don't make that much in a week's work."

Further down on the great dusty plains of Lombardy a little tired woman was tugging along harnessed to a cart in which was her baby and behind, pushing as hard as she could, was a little girl. She had travelled from sunrise and it was long past noon; she had delivered almost everything except a piece of iron for a winepress, and as soon as she got rid of that she was going to hurry home to do some washing that she had picked up on the way. Her long day's work would then pay her almost 20 cents.

A familiar sight on the rural highways of Germany is the sturdy women trudging along with great baskets that always seem to be bulging with things. One of these women stopped one morning just after she had left Freiburg to take an inventory of her burden.

There was the family washing of Frau Haas that was to be left at the first house, some ribbons for the fräuleins further along, leather for the cobbler in the second village, a bit of a toy for Hans's sick baby, iron for the blacksmith five miles further on, wrenches for the brewer, medicine for a cow, some books for the priest and an altar piece for the parish church. She didn't see why all this would not bring her 10 cents, especially as she had so far to walk.

Women do the baking in rural southern Germany and they deliver their bread from little hand carts which they push for miles in all weathers. The girls carry in from the fields in great bundles on their heads the grass that they have cut and cured and then store it away in mows over their bedrooms.

The old women of the village are often the wood carriers. One little old creature, who said that she was past 70, limped slowly and painfully across a snow covered hillside of the Black Forest, carrying on her head a big bundle of faggots that she had collected in the nearby woods.

One of her feet had been frozen and she had to help herself along with a stick. She was glad, she said, to get even this cheerless work, for otherwise in winter she might starve to death. As it was, those for whom she worked gave her something to eat and a place in the stable to sleep.

The German woman not only raises most of the farm products but she also markets them. She is the outdoor worker of the nation. Makes her healthy, the German says, and American women looking for the secret of health and good looks have been recommended to make the plan a study.

After she has raised her crop she gets up in the morning before daybreak and starts to market in order that she may secure a favorable stand. When she has sold out she hangs her big baskets on the side of a wagon and when the other women of the same neighborhood have finished their sales she starts for home.

One hayrack of a wagon carries all the market women of a neighborhood, for it would be too much for each farmer to bring his wife. By common consent one man has the job of looking after all and his charges generally number from fifteen to thirty hausfraus.

Health is hardly the only consideration that drives the women to the fields. An aged couple that had reached the slippered and fireside time of life were laboriously cultivating their few rods of ancestral land in the Rhine valley; the old man was clinging nervously to the plough handles and the faithful wife guiding the cows as slowly as possible along the furrows.

They had been taking turns about at cow team and plough. Worn out, they stopped to rest.

"We must work or become a public charge," said the old woman. "It's not a matter of choice. Our older sons have gone to the city or the factory, where they can get more remunerative employment, and the youngest has been drafted for the army. Yes, the army has put the German woman to work in the field."

The cow is the woman's best ally in burden bearing. The faithful animal is not much of a milk or butter producer, for she is too busy drawing carts and ploughs.

An English traveller was surprised to see two girls drawing a plough not far from Heidelberg. He spoke to the father, who was bossing the job, and was still further surprised that he should resent any inquiries as to the way of farming. The cow had died and he didn't have money enough to buy another, the girls were strong and healthy, he had cared for them and he did not see any reason why they should not draw the plough until he could get a cow to do the work.

In France as in Germany the women do most of the outdoor work and have the monopoly on healthful exercise. What a French peasant woman sometimes becomes Millet told for all time upon his canvases.

The women plant and gather the crops. They thresh the grain most of the time with the old fashioned flail, or if the threshing machine has been installed they do the work that men in this country do.

Near Sarzeau an American was introducing a thresher from this country. He and another were the only men around the machine and he spent much time and sympathy watching the women handling the sheaves and amid the clouds of dust and chaff storing away the wheat and straw. It was the strangest sight he had seen in all France.

But in Brittany, where the soil is often poor and the crop is from the sea, the women are the harvesters. One of the sights of the gloomy, rocky western coast is the long lines of women and children that work amid the spray and fog when the sea is high, gathering the cast up wealth of sea weeds.

On the salt marshes in the neighborhood of Guérande the labor falls to the lot of girls and women. On their heads they carry great baskets of the salt to the storehouses and load it upon waiting trains and barges.

At Cancale, where is situated the most famous oyster industry of France, the cultivation is entirely in the hands of women, and they, too, load and unload the vessels that carry the product to the outside world. Cancale is distinctly a woman's town, for the men are deep sea fishers and for periods of six months are away from their homes.

In their absence the hardy women folk take complete charge of the town and the few old men that remain behind. They run the hotels, the bakeries and the stores; they police the street and patrol oyster parks.

If you ask a Breton fisherman where are the prettiest girls in the world, he may from local pride give first place to his native village, but Cancale always has second. Feyant years ago went here to find his types for beautiful fisher girls and has preserved their faces and figures in many of his canvases.

It's the girls, though, that are spoken of as pretty, not the women. A few years in the slime of the oyster beds with the accompanying long hours and the great burdens that fall to them as stevedores make them old and haggard early in life.

They toil with the tide and regulate their lives by its ebb and flow. It is a weird sight to watch these 200 or 300 women loading an ocean going vessel. They crawl all over the sides like ants with their great muddy, slimy baskets and labor with the ardor of enthusiasts.

"They have to," said a villager, "for they are not paid by the hour or day, but by the tide, which varies. Some of them get 20 cents, some 30 cents. Be the time long or short it's all the same, a day."

Frederick the Great once described Bavaria as a paradise of human beasts. Many people think that the remark holds as true to-day as when it was made, some centuries ago. The German reformers are inclined to hold up that part of the empire as a horrible example.

The sight of a woman carrying mortar to the upper stories of a Broadway building would attract no little attention and bring forth some sympathetic observation. But it would not in Munich, for there it is a common sight. The women who do this work are young, with strong limbs, stout ankles and broad shoulders and hips.

"It takes young women for the work," said a foreman; "old women can't carry the burden to the upper stories. Even the young soon break down, and then we have no use for them, except on the stone piles, and only a limited number are needed there. Thirty is about the limit of their usefulness. Oh, yes, some of them look older than that, but that's on account of their work."

The position of truck tender and switch woman in Munich is one much sought for, and the holder of such a job is much envied. By selecting women of more mature age the officials think that they will attend better to their duties, and for that reason most of the incumbents are well past 30

They have their posts at most of the important crossings and are distinguished by the neat dress and a green felt hat on which is a number in nickel. They work nine hours a day, and if there is a lull in the traffic they may leave their station in the middle of the street and rest on a bench at the edge of the sidewalk. The pay is 60 cents a day.

The life of the Bavarian peasant woman is hard, and it is no wonder that she dreams of the job of a Munich switchwoman as a prize well worth securing. She toils for poor reward on a little Alpine farm and spends perhaps half of her year in the *sennerin* huts far up in the mountains with no other companions than her herd.

But she has one consolation; she can wear trousers. This masculine garb of the mountain maid is strictly her working dress, and it serves her purpose well in her Alpine dairy farm.

She lays aside the trousers when she comes down from the mountains and takes up skirts for village life. The *boetin*, as the local express woman is called who goes with cart or sleigh from one isolated farmhouse to another, wears her trousers all the year around and no one pays any attention to it. But the Tyrolean maid has not advanced far enough to consider them in good form for either church or party wear.

BACHELOR LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

The Lonely Road and the Empty House, the Horse on the Lawn and the Early Risers.

"My address next summer will be the Hotel Astor, or the Hotel Bowery, or the Hotel Something or other," said the man with the weary look in his eyes as he piled up his parcels on the seat beside him in the women's cabin of the ferryboat. "The name of the hotel will depend on how brisk business is on the curb. But I'll be stabled in a hotel for the vacation stretch, you can bet your goggles. No more camping out in my pleasant suburban home, with its air as good as the mountains, shade trees and inspiring views of the garden region of New Jersey, as the advertisement said when I bought it.

"A suburban house with the family a hundred miles away is about as cheerful a place for a lonely man to roost in as a marble mausoleum in a new graveyard; and it's about as restful as a Broadway office building.

"It's when you go home at night that the chill of it gets under your skin and makes your bones rattle. The walk from the station begins it. Of course it's the midnight train. Who wants to go home early to an empty house with aprons on the chairs and a sheet over the piano?

"I started off the first night or so quite merrily, swinging along the road at a lively pace. But when I left the village behind and got out among the cottages my spirits began to go down. I never before realized how lonely these quiet streets are.

"The electric lights, about an eighth of a mile apart, swung slowly in the night wind and made the shadows of the shrubs on my neighbor's lawn dodge about in a horribly disquieting way. I told myself I'd own a pistol the next night.

"But it was worse when I got to my own house. The nearest houses looked as if everyone was dead in them. The two staid respectable maples that grow in my lawn looked just like weeping willows in the gloom.

"The carriage block suggested a grave stone. When I looked up at the house, the reflection in the window of my bedroom of an arc light about a block away was for all the world like a white face peering out at me. I tell you my hand shook when I put the latchkey in the door.

"However, I soon grew accustomed to the outside conditions. I kept from looking at the black, staring window panes, and I ignored the existence of the trees and the stepping stone. But what I never got over was the creepiness of the first five minutes alone in that empty house.

"A musty smell developed in a day or two and a line or two of poetry that I once heard an elocutionist get off at a church show came into my head every night. It's something about 'the smell that steals from a winding sheet when a mummy is unrolled.' I couldn't forget it.

"And then I had to light up. Did you ever think when you struck a match in the dark of the things you might see in the dome of light you made? Well, I thought of that every night as I struck my match and groped for the gas jet.

"The light falling on the newel post gave me a start and the cold sheen of the hall mirror made my flesh creep. Once when I broke a match I had to hold myself in to keep from opening the door and making a dash for the open. I never felt at ease until I had every window open.

"Then I seemed comparatively near to the rest of the living world. I knew that if I let out a good lusty yell some one would arrive at least in time to save my corpse before Old Nick could get off with it.

"I would rather sleep in a Mills hotel than put in another two months of summer nights alone with my own superstition. But that wasn't the only thing. The mornings were as bad as the nights, only in a different way.

"I don't have to get up early and I love to sleep late, particularly when I go home on the midnight train. Well, it's easier to sleep late on the second story of a Broadway hotel, with the trolley cars under your windows, than it is in the country. First of all there were the obliging tradesmen.

"Though they had all been told that the family was away for the summer they came around regularly for orders every morning that they saw the windows open. There was the butcher and the baker and the grocer, the ice man, the fish man, the vegetable man, the laundry man, and very likely a couple of others.

"When I shut the front windows to keep the regular crowd off a crowd of guerrilla disturbers began. One morning the telephone rang at 8 A. M. and I crawled out of the bathtub all dripping and hustled to it, wrapped up in my bathrobe. I had a presentiment that my wife and children were killed up in the mountains, but no, it was central coming on duty and wanting to make sure that the wire was working all right.

"One night I went to bed particularly tired. I didn't set my alarm clock, promising myself that if I could I'd sleep—yes, till 10 o'clock if I could.

"I came to consciousness in a dream. I thought I was in a railway accident and a lot of freight cars were being piled up with a frightful clatter. Then I awoke and sat up in bed. The clatter was real enough. It was just outside. I jumped out of bed dazed and rushed to see what it was.

"There was my next door neighbor's newly imported German gardener running a lawn mower that hadn't been oiled in a generation right under my bedroom window. I hurled curses at him in two dialects of English and three of Dutch, but he made a polite speech to me in some dialect that I didn't understand and got back to work with the mower at full mule power.

"I went in and looked at the clock. It was 1? this time 6:15. I made a jump for the telephone, and if I didn't have my neighbor, Smithers, out of bed in short order. He was clean mad at being awakened, but when I got in my kick he coolly said, 'Oh, I had no idea it would inconvenience you.' Just think of it, a lawn mower under my window at 6 A. M.! No inconvenience at all! However, he sent out a girl to call off the German fiend with his noise machine.

"There was only one of my morning disturbances that I got any satisfaction out of. One morning that I did sleep late I became conscious on toward 9 o'clock of a continuous stamping in front of the house.

"At first I thought it was some delivery wagon at one of the houses across the road from me, but after a while it seemed too near and the blows seemed to be struck on wood. I got up and looked out and, if you please, there was an old black horse, very bony and unkempt, with his forepaws on the porch and his nose rubbing against the front door as if he took the house for his stable.

"I stuck my head out of the window and shouted 'Giddap!' and other appropriate remarks until I was hoarse, but the old nag paid not the slightest attention. There he stood stamping and swishing his tail with patient resolution. Well, there was nothing for it but I had to put on a few clothes and go down to chase him away. I picked up a good stout walking cane on the way to the door and I got in one or two good whacks before I got him off the lawn and started on the run down the street.

"Then I tried to get to sleep again, and I was just dozing when I heard a chorus of squeals across the way. I jumped to the window again and saw that my friend the horse had invaded the velvety lawn of De Broune of the Oyster Shell Exchange.

"All the menfolk were at the station and Mrs. de Broune, Miss Amelia de Broune and the two maids were trying to shoo the animal away. It seemed to like De Broune's brand of lawn grass. Mrs. de Broune had her apron spread out as if she were going to make an old fashioned courtesy and she was shaking it and shouting.

"'G'way. I'll complain to the constable. I'll have you sent to the pound!'

"Miss Amelia de Broune had a tennis racket which she flourished from a safe corner of the veranda. One of the maids had a long handled broom with which she tried to poke the horse in the ribs.

"The other girl contented herself with a succession of shrieks and skips that certainly ought to have scared any reasonable horse from the premises. The horse didn't want to go, however. He wandered all over the De Broune lawn as if he owned it, kicking up his heels at the women when they got too near him. He kept it up for ten minutes until the coachman got back from the station and gave him a taste of real whip.

"I didn't want to go back to bed when the show was over. I had a good laugh to begin the day. You see I don't like the De Brounes.

"But no more bachelor life in a rural house for me. It's true there's no place like home—no place so cold and comfortless when a man's all alone in it."

WESTCHESTER COUNTY.

The More You Slice It Up the Bigger It Gets in Other Ways.

Westchester county has suffered more from subdivisions and cutoffs than any other county in the State It was one of the original New York counties when New York was first subdivided 200 years ago. White Plains, the county seat, was formed in 1788 and has been continuously its capital ever since.

The first off-cutting from Westchester was in 1873 to make up the present Borough of The Bronx. Twenty-two years later there was another off-cut of Bronx Valley villages now incorporated into New York city. Notwithstanding these changes and losses, Westchester has gone steadily ahead and is now the fourth county of New York State in population, exceeded only by New York, Kings and Erie.

Its population is 250,000, of which 65,000 are in Yonkers, 25,000 in Mount Vernon and 20,000 in New Rochelle. Mount Vernon and New Rochelle are new towns. Yonkers is an old one dating back to 1788. The growth of Westchester county is largely due, of course, to its proximity to New York city, but it has obtained only a small share of the benefit of this growth, for as the towns in the portion of the county nearest to this city have increased they have been annexed, with the result that the area of Westchester has been steadily reduced while the population of the county has been steadily increasing.

For the first time this year, since 1870, Westchester, in its choice of legislative and Congressional candidates, is a separate constituency, no part of it being included within the official boundaries of New York. Heretofore portions of Westchester have been included in New York county, but this year the voters of Westchester vote separately and distinctly.

RETURN OF THE MARINE.

One Result of Jack Gardner's Waving the Flag From the Sinking Cumberland's Mainmast.

MACON, Mo., Sept. 29.—"To seize a flag and climb high up on the mainmast of a warship that has been riddled with shells and to wave it defiantly in the face of a victorious enemy looks like playing to the galleries, but it is an act fraught with far reaching influence just the same," said Edwin McKee of this city. "Jack Gardner, sailor on the Cumberland, did that patriotic stunt after the Merrimac had rammed a hole in the side of his vessel big enough to drive a wagon through, and in consequence Gardner became known around the world as the man who went down with his ship rather than surrender.

"When the Cumberland struck bottom, however, her masts still towered above the water and Jack didn't get wet, unless he swam ashore.

"Gardner and I were fellow marines on the Vanderbilt when that vessel was hunting all over creation for the privateer Alabama. In our course from Fayal to Cape Town we put in at the island of St. Helena to take coal. While the barges were filling the bunkers a fisherman in a small boat came near and threw out his lines.

"He was wearing the uniform of a United States marine. It was somewhat frazzled and worn, but there was enough left to show it had once been in Uncle Sam's service.

"A boat was lowered and several of us rowed out to the lone fisherman.

"'Hello, mate!' said the officer in charge.

"'Hello yourself,' said the fisherman, as he cast out his line.

"'We're short o' men; don't you want to go 'long?'

"'No; this suits me.'

"'Your country needs you.'

"'This is my country.'

"Evidently the troubles of his native land were the least thing in his thoughts. He looked so supremely comfortable and care free that it seemed a hopeless task to interest him in a strife. Then up spoke one of the sailors:

"'Gardner's with us.'

"The fisherman became alert.

"'Jack Gardner of the Cumberland?' he exclaimed.

"'Aye.'

"'He's on there with you fellers?'

"'You bet.'

"'Call him up.'

"The sailor hallooed for Gardner, who came to the rail.

"'Ship ahoy, old Jack!' cried the fisherman.

"'Hello, Bill!' returned the man o' warman.

"'They didn't get ye?'

"'Not to hurt.'

"The fisherman turned to us:

"'Mates, last I saw of old Jack he was up there in the rigging going down with his flag flying. Lord! Who'd 'a' thought o' seein' him this side of th' devil again. Come up clost so I can jump in. Damn the fishin' line and fishes! I'm goin' back with Uncle Sammy!'"

Only Woman Mint Grower.

Niles correspondence Indianapolis Star.

Miss Mary Clark, an orphan, of Galien, this county, is the only woman in the world to make a success in growing peppermint for the market, a business heretofore controlled exclusively by men. She has improved upon the methods employed by the veteran mint growers in several instances and her eighty acre farm is one of the best mint producers in the world.

The harvest of the mint crop, which is grown exclusively in the United States in southern Michigan, northern Indiana and in a single county in New York, is now on in this locality.

With most growers the harvest comes in September, but having ascertained that with a falling mercury the mint oil principle starts for the roots of the plant, Miss Clark harvests her mint in time to catch all the menthol there is in the plant, selecting the hottest spell of weather she can for cutting. The result is that she produces a higher grade of crop and more of it to the acre than her neighbors.

Miss Clark has herself cut and raked [illegible] acres of hay, milked ten cows night and morning, besides looking after her turkeys, chickens and horses. She lives [illegible] widowed mother, there being no [illegible] on the farm except in the summer [illegible] when she employs help to take care of the peppermint.